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VISITS TO THE SCHOOLS IN DUBLIN.

HAVING long felt an interest in the condition and progress of elementary education in Ireland, I took the opportunity, during a late visit to Dublin, to make some personal inquiries on the subject, the result of which may not be uninteresting to the public. I knew no one connected with any of the existing systems of instruction, but it is impossible to be long in Dublin without gaining kind friends and acquaintances, who are willing to give all the explanations in their power, and to show what can be seen in the public institutions; and accordingly I had no difficulty in procuring the information which I required. A perambulation of the streets of Dublin for a few days, opens up to the stranger a new world of philanthropy. I was not prepared for the exhibition of so much benevolence on a large scale. Hospitals for the sick; institutions for the relief of poor householders, locally termed room-keepers; asylums for blind, and deaf and dumb; asylums for female domestic servants when out of place; orphan-supporting societies; missionary and other religious associations to a large amount; Sunday schools; a poor-house, supported by voluntary contributions, giving food daily to upwards of 2000 individuals;* and, lastly, certain large schools for the children of the humble classes—all served to show that benevolence, whether well or ill directed, was a conspicuous element in the social organisation. Conducted by a gentleman belonging to the town, I visited a house in Sackville Street (the great central thoroughfare of Dublin), consisting of two large mansions thrown into one, and which contained the office of a different benevolent institution in each apartment—a great cluster of offices forming the head-quarters of societies whose labours are extended all over Ireland. It would almost seem as if the religious differences of the country had stirred up an emulative spirit of philanthropy. I found gentlemen, for instance, devoting not a little of their leisure to the conducting of Sunday schools, who, if in this country, would most likely take no interest, and certainly no personal trouble, in such things. The "gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," have no sort of notion how much time is frequently given up by their friends in Ireland, to projects for the melioration and enlightenment of the poorer order of people.

My design, however, is not to notice these efforts, but to give a general idea of what is doing in the way of educating the mass of the juvenile population of Ireland. I may begin by stating, that no people in the world are more alive to the value of education, or more capable of receiving instruction, than the Irish; with all their faults of an over-hasty inconsiderate temperament, and so forth, they are a remarkably shrewd and active-minded race, and possess a rare faculty for "uptake." Long before any of the new educational schemes were projected, there were many schools in which poor children were taught at the most insignificant cost, by a primitive order of teachers; the school-house being, perhaps, a mud-built hovel, perhaps a shed under a hedge, perhaps the lee side of a wall, and not unfrequently the only primers were the lettered grave-stones in the open churchyard; the same tablets serving, with a piece of chalk, as the only copy-books by which to give a knowledge of writing and arithmetic. I men-

tion this to show what an innate taste for learning has prevailed among even the very poorest Irish. And, unassisted by any species of endowment, or any patronage or countenance, they could not otherwise have preserved amongst them the elements of instruction. In one instance, as has been mentioned to me, such was the enthusiasm and philanthropy of a humble and poverty-struck teacher of youth, that he wandered over the country, offering to any one the boon of being taught to read, provided he would in return engage to teach other ten; the gratification of disseminating the blessings of a humble kind of education among his countrymen was his sole reward.

That a people who have shown such aptitude for literary instruction, should have been left so long utterly destitute of the means of regular education, is a fact not very creditable to those on whom the responsibility of such matters is supposed to fall. But that condition of things is past, so no more may be said about it. Thanks to the energy of the "Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in Ireland," or Kildare Place Society, as it is usually termed, which first organised a pretty extensive system of school instruction throughout the country, and thanks to the more recent establishment of the National System of Education, the Irish are now in the fair way of receiving a proper share of moral, religious, and intellectual culture.

My first visit was to the establishment of the Kildare Place Society, which occupies two very large brick buildings, in a small square off Kildare Place, which is a street in the division of Dublin lying on the west side of the Liffey. Its situation, therefore, near the dense cluster of streets inhabited by the poor in this quarter of the town, is perfectly appropriate. At one time, as is perhaps well known, this society, which consists of a large body of influential individuals, received an annual grant of money from Parliament to carry on its operations, but that grant is now withdrawn, and the association conducts its educational schemes entirely by voluntary contributions. Notwithstanding this limitation of the means of support, which prevents it from any longer affording salaries to country teachers, the number of schools in connection with, and partly dependent on, the society, was in May last 1097. In 1816, it had only 8 schools; in 1820, it had 381; in 1824, it had 1490; in 1830, it had 1634, which was the highest number on its books; in 1834, the number was down to 1000, and is now, as stated, 1097. According to the best estimate which has been obtained, these 1097 schools contained 81,178 scholars. The annual revenue of the society is, I believe, between four and five thousand pounds, and last year the disbursements amounted to L.4917, 8s. 2½d. The nature of the society's operations will be understood by a glance at a few of the payments which were made—as for example, L.227 for conducting the model schools in Kildare Place, L.170 on training of teachers, L.825 on grants of books and school requisites to country schools, L.1611 on the preparation of books and other requisites, the remainder being disbursements for inspection, and matters of a miscellaneous kind. The income is aided by school fees in the model school, and the sale of books and work. The preparation and dissemination of books suitable for school libraries, has always been a leading feature in the society's procedure. The volumes, of a small 18mo size, are about eighty in number, embracing a variety of entertaining subjects for youth. The society has since its commencement distributed 1364 libraries, comprising 127,390 volumes, and amounting in value, at reduced prices, to L.3189, 10s. 2½d. There is a depository of books in one of the edifices in Kildare Place, very much resem-

bling a bookseller's shop, and from this the number of cheap books issued in the past year was 18,234, making a total since its opening of 1,636,025 volumes. Of the delight which this vast issue of innocently entertaining books must have produced among the young people of Ireland, during the last three or four and twenty years, who can give any estimate!

With these preliminary explanations in remembrance, we enter the large building which contains the model schools. These schools are contained in two very extensive and lofty apartments, that on the ground floor being for boys, and that which is above it for girls. Both seemed in a state of great efficiency, with pupils to the number of about 900—fee of each 1d. per week. Some of the classes were examined in our presence, according to the usual intellectual plan of teaching; that is, by a process of searching cross questions on the subjects of the lessons. The teachers were young men evidently skilled in this mode of tuition. I was particularly struck with the activity which was displayed in mental arithmetic. For example, the whole boys in the class were asked by us such questions as these—If a yard and three-quarters of cloth cost 7s. 6d., what will 7-8ths of a yard cost? What is the interest on L.475 for a year and a half at the rate of L.5 per cent. per annum? A dozen such queries were put and answered with amazing rapidity, the boy who first called out being asked to prove the accuracy of his answer, and he was generally successful. The Irish have an extraordinary faculty for both mental arithmetic and mathematical analysis. Their fondness for geometry as a branch of study is quite remarkable; and in some instances it has been carried to such a length as to exclude almost every other branch of knowledge. Hitherto the great dearth of works on geometry has been a matter of sore complaint to the poor Irish, but I was glad to learn that this has been removed by the publication of the cheap treatises with which I happen to be connected. Taking up one of these from a desk (Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry), the master of the model school assured me—and I hope to be pardoned for feeling proud of the compliment—that the work had completely removed the difficulty which had been formerly experienced, and that the Irish were no longer debarred from pursuing their favourite branch of study.*

From the boys' school I was conducted up stairs to that of the girls, where a similar efficiency and order appeared to prevail. Under the direction of a mistress the girls were receiving lessons in the various branches of needlework, straw-plaiting, and knitting. They are taught to make and mend their own clothes, to shape and sew shirts, jackets, and other parts of male attire, also to knit and darn stockings, and patch holes in clothes in as neat a manner as possible. These exercises are conducted on a strictly methodic plan, there being a series of patterns of a small size to copy from. The book of patterns of gowns, shirts, frocks, jackets, stockings, petticoats, caps, &c., all made by the pupils, is a great curiosity in its way, each of the articles being about the length of a finger, and the whole looking like the wardrobe of a Lilliputian; copies are sent to all the schools in connection with the society, so that the girls in every district are taught to use their needle on a uniform plan. We have nothing of this kind in Scotland; where the parochial system makes no pro-

* At the period of my visit, this useful institution, which is the means of keeping the streets in a great measure clear of beggars, was in serious difficulties for lack of funds, as it depends entirely on voluntary contributions, or, in other words, the philanthropy are alone taxed for its support. The new poor-law, which will come shortly into operation, will put an end to this absurdity, by taxing all alike for the support of the necessitous.

* I allude to this as simply a statistical fact, and it may serve to throw some light on the subject, when I mention, that of the cheap edition of Euclid, published by W. and R. Chambers in their Educational Course, about as many copies are sold in Ireland as in all Great Britain. It was not till I visited Dublin that I could account for the large demand for this book among the Irish.

vision for the instruction of girls in these useful arts. I could not help remarking in this female model school of the Kildare Place Society, that there were many girls of a rank of life far above that of paupers or persons in moderately poor circumstances, and I was informed that it is no unusual thing for respectable shopkeepers to send their daughters here for education, although the charity (if I may call it such) is designed for the accommodation of the very humblest classes of society.

Having satisfied myself with respect to the Kildare Place model schools, I proceeded to make similar inquiries regarding those under the auspices of the National Board. It may be premised, that, as the Kildare Place Society from the outset insisted on the Protestant version of the Bible without note or comment being used in the schools under their superintendence, their labours, as might have been expected, proved useful almost exclusively to one portion of the people, comparatively few Catholics taking advantage of their liberality.* This gave rise, in 1831, to the establishment by the government of what has been called the National System of Education, the main feature of which is an arrangement by which the children are separated at certain times, and taught religion by their respective pastors—the necessary funds being provided by the state. By this means it was hoped that the great body of the people, and more particularly the children of the poorer class of Catholics, would at length be brought within the pale of education. I need not say how differently the plan has been regarded by various parties, both in Ireland and in Britain.

The National Board consists of nine commissioners chosen from both the Roman Catholic and Protestant bodies—the Roman Catholic and Protestant archbishops of Dublin being among the number. The commissioners receive from the public purse, and expend annually, the sum of £50,000; their estimate for the year ending March 31, 1840, is £50,357, which they propose to lay out as follows:—On training of teachers, £2,220; model schools, £390; grants towards building and establishing new schools, £12,000; salaries and gratuities to teachers, £23,000; infant schools, £220; agricultural schools, £150; inspection, £497; books and school requisites, £425; and general expenditure, £3,152. The fee paid by each scholar is 1d. per week, the same as at the Kildare Place schools. In granting aid towards the erection of country schools, one-third at least of the expenditure upon each building must be locally provided for, and the local trustees must engage to keep the house in repair. A stock of books and school requisites is supplied gratuitously every four years to each school, and these articles are at other times sold to the schools at from a third to a half of the common selling price. The appointment of teachers rests with the local patrons and committees, but subject to the approval of the board. By the provision for training teachers in the normal school, there will in time be a due supply of these functionaries, both male and female. The commissioners have divided Ireland into twenty-five school districts, and have appointed a superintendent for each. In March 1838 (the date of the Report before me), the number of national schools was 1384, attended by 169,548 children, but 195 new schools were soon to be opened, and it was expected that they would be attended by 40,106 pupils, making a total of 209,654. Reckoning, however, the schools said to be in actual operation in March 1838, there were then, as we perceive, upwards of 169,000 children receiving a regular elementary education, at an annual cost to the state of £50,000. The commissioners, in their Report, congratulate the public on this marked success of their labours. It seems that, in 1826, the number of children attending schools in Ireland to which the state granted aid, was 69,638, while the grants amounted in the year preceding to £68,718.

The reader, I trust, will now have no difficulty in comprehending the nature or extent of this great national institution, to which I am about to introduce him. The head-quarters of the board are in Marlborough Street (a rather narrow thoroughfare behind Sackville Street), in the midst of the division of Dublin which lies on the east side of the Liffey. My first visit to the institution need not be specially described. In order to have as comprehensive an idea as possible of the nature of the system, I visited the schools several times, dropping in now and then to the different class-rooms, as I happened to have time to spare, during my residence at a hotel in the neighbourhood. The several edifices belonging to the institution are detached from each other, and stand within a square enclosure fronting to the street. Passing a large edifice

on the right, devoted to the official business of the board, and a similar structure on the left, fitted up with an upper and lower hall for normal instruction and lectures to candidate teachers on philosophical subjects, we proceed to an inner group of three edifices—one on the left being the model school for boys, that on the right the model school for girls, and that in the centre being occupied as a model infant-school. The normal institution has three professors, one master, and one assistant; the boys' school one master, one assistant, and three monitors advanced to sub-teachers; the girls' school has one mistress, and one assistant; and the infant-school one master, one mistress, and one assistant. Belonging also to the head establishment is a farm for instruction in agriculture, a few miles from Dublin, possessing one agriculturist, one gardener, and one ploughman. The candidate teachers attend the farm for practical instruction in agriculture one day in the week.

There are at present upwards of 1100 children at the model schools in Marlborough Street.* The boys' school, to which I paid most attention, appeared to be conducted by some exceedingly active and intelligent individuals, though certainly not more so than those of the similar school belonging to the Kildare Place Society; and I was in no small degree surprised and pleased to find that the instruction embraced various branches of physical science—such as the Laws of Matter and Motion, Mechanics, &c., while Geometry, as a matter of course, was a special object of study. A class of ragged urchins was at my request examined on some of the theorems in the first six books of Euclid, and the result was extremely satisfactory; I question, indeed, if our more advanced students in the best academies could have acquitted themselves better. Yet these Irish boys are children of a humble order of individuals, and pay no more than a penny a week for their education. I likewise heard a class examined on Bible history or Scriptural knowledge, and on this subject the answers were as readily delivered as those which I had heard a few weeks before at the Norwood institution in England, when elicited by a clergyman of the established church. I was a little surprised at this exhibition, because I had always understood that no species of religious instruction was given at the National Schools. Since this, I have learned that although the Bible, in its entire form, is not used as a class-book, there is much Scriptural knowledge contained in the books sanctioned by the institution, and which it seems possess the merit of being acceptable to all classes of Christians, at least to all except the more strict and unyielding of the two leading sects. I find it stated in the regulations of the National Schools, that "one day in each week, or part of a day (independent of Sunday), is to be set apart for the religious instruction of the children, on which day such pastors, or other persons as are approved of by the parents or guardians of the children, shall have access to them for that purpose." By this provision, which is exactly conformable to the plan pursued in Holland, and by the scrupulous care which is taken to avoid the very semblance of proselytism, the National Schools have gained the good-will of nearly the whole Catholic population. But while the greater proportion of the children attending the schools are Roman Catholic, there are more Protestant children in attendance than were at the Kildare Place schools in 1826.† This, I should think, is an important fact, and would seem to imply that the National Schools are not so exclusively patronised by one party as has been represented. I found the boys' model school to comprehend pupils of both the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. The general success of this school is such, that there is not sufficient space to accommodate the daily applications for admission, and certain apartments in the sunk story have recently been opened for classes, although never designed to be put to such a purpose.

In the girls' school, I had the satisfaction of seeing the same kind of instruction in needlework, as had pleased me so much at the Kildare Place schools, and here also are made up books of miniature specimens of male and female attire, to be sent to the female schools in the country. The infant-school, which was begun by Mr Wilderspin, has been sustained in the best state of efficiency by a young teacher and his wife. The contemplation of the rows of happy little creatures, all under a correct system of moral training, afforded a most gratifying spectacle; and in turning away from the scene, I felt impressed with the conviction that I had now seen, in practical operation, the true plan of improving, if not the whole Irish people, at least that portion whose numbers and general condition make it of the most importance to the public at large that they should be so improved.

By the united exertions of the National Board and the Kildare Place Society, it may be fairly estimated that at present nearly 300,000 children are receiving daily instruction. After making every allowance for those who may be taught privately and at other schools, there still remains an ample field for the establishment of new, and an extension of the existing, seminaries. This field, it is gratifying to reflect, is now in course of a more extended culture. National Schools are getting up in many parts of the

country; the schools of the Kildare Place Society are in active operation; Sunday schools, in spite of all obstacles, are increasing in number and usefulness; and the established church is organising a widespread system of education, strictly in connection with Scriptural knowledge. With all these aids, it will be hard if Ireland is not in time one of the best educated portions of the United Kingdom.

"ADVENTURES OF ROBIN DAY."

SUCH is the title of an amusing, though somewhat coarsely written novel, by Dr Bird, an American author rapidly becoming known to English readers. The hero, Robin Day, is a dreadful scape-grace, a young Flibbertigibbet, who gets into all sorts of mischief—at least it is called mischief, and furnishes an excuse for giving him many a sound beating and no small measure of abuse. Robin, in short, is what is usually termed a very bad boy, though, as in forty-nine out of every fifty such cases, his bad conduct is clearly traceable to the mismanagement, if not petty tyranny, of his superiors. The history of Robin's early career is worth abridging for the sake of its humour.

When an infant of only a year old, he was wrecked on the coast of New Jersey; his parents were drowned; by a lucky chance he was saved, and fell to the share of Mother Moll, a female wrecker of eminence in that part of the world. Mother Moll, who had an eye to bringing him up to her own infamous profession, which consisted of decoying vessels ashore by holding out false signals, took care to initiate him in its mysteries as he grew in stature. When he was able to run along the beach, he was sent out on dark stormy nights to regulate the performance of an old horse, whose legs were tied to cause a stumbling motion in a lantern which it carried, and thereby convey to the unhappy mariner an idea of a light in a vessel in the offing. What with cold, hunger, and blows, young Robin felt this to be a most uncomfortable employment, so that at seven years of age he was glad to be bought from his adopted mother by a character of the name of Day, whose name he subsequently took.

Robin's master or proprietor was the skipper and owner of a shallop called the Jumping Jenny, and to this he added the profession of a wrecker and smuggler. His ship's company consisted of himself and another, and when Robin was stowed on board, he was installed in the office of cook. In one respect the situation was more comfortable than that at Mother Moll's, for he now got plenty of food; but to compensate this advantage, he received a greater share of kicks; and for five years, during which he served in the Jumping Jenny, his life was a round of hopeless, cheerless misery. At length a period of relief to his troubles arrived. As he sat one day engaged in the delightful occupation of picking a gander, upon the bowsprit of the little craft, which lay at anchor, and in which he had been left alone, to make preparation for his patron's dinner, a party of youth, in a boat near by, employed themselves in pelting him with stones and oyster-shells. One of the missiles inflicted a severe wound, and, at the same time, the graceless urchin who had launched it, lost his balance and fell into the water, which was deep, with a strong current running.

"The hero of the scene (such are Robin's own words), whose disaster I regarded with sentiments of complacency and approbation, as being nothing more than he deserved for the unprovoked injury he had done me, sank to the bottom, whence in a moment he came whirling and gasping to the surface, and was swept by the tide against the sloop's cable, which he attempted to seize, but without success; for though he had hold of it for an instant, he was not able to maintain his grasp. In this state of the adventure, the little fellow was immediately under me, where I sat on the bowsprit; and as the tide swept him from the cable, he looked up to me with a countenance of such terror, and agony, and despair, mingled with imploring entreaty—though being on the point of strangling, he was neither able to speak nor to cry out—that I was suddenly struck with feelings of compassion. They were the first human emotions, I believe, that had entered my bosom for years; and such was the strength of them, that, before I knew what I was doing, I dropped into the river—gander and all—to save the poor little rascal from drowning.

Such a feat did not appear to me either very difficult or dangerous, for I could swim like a duck, and had had extraordinary experience in the art of saving life in the water; not, indeed, that I had ever performed such service for any body but myself; but, in my own case, I had almost daily occasion; for nothing was more common than for Skipper Day to take me by the nape of the neck and toss me overboard, even when on the open sea; though the mate always threw me a rope to help me on board again, except when we were becalmed or at anchor; in which cases he left me to take care of myself. In the present instance, however, as it proved, the exploit was not destined to be performed without difficulty; for, dropping down with more hurry than forecast, right before the stem, and with a force that carried me pretty deep into the water, I was swept under the shallop's bottom, which, in the effort to rise to the surface, I managed to strike with my head, with a violence that would undoubtedly have finished me, had not that noble

* The following is part of the evidence before the House of Lords, given by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, on this question:—"As a proof how little such a system can prevail, I find that, when the Kildare Place Society came to Parliament annually for the money which they wanted, after ten years of exertions, they only got 25,612 children in their schools out of half a million that ought to have been instructed; and this was at a fearful sacrifice, much greater than the board is called to make, for the religious education was often merely nominal, and the Bible was often not read. The Commissioners of Education Inquiry state that they found the reading of the Scriptures to be frequently a mere form, and, in the second place, no expenditure was allowed; and, notwithstanding these fatal concessions, after all, in ten years they could only get, out of 500,000 Roman Catholic children, 25,612."—Lords, p. 872.

* I give this number from memory. I cannot find any number stated in the Fifth Report of the Board, lately published.

† Digest of Evidence before the Houses of Lords and Commons, 1836, p. 213.

excrescence been, in those days, of unusual thickness. The shock was, however, sufficient to stun and confound the small quantity of wits I possessed, and to such a degree that I lost my hold of the gander, which up to this moment I had clutched with instinctive care, besides which, I was swept, before I had time to recover myself, along the whole of the sloop's bottom; and this being pretty well studded with barnacles, young oysters, and the heads of old nails, I had the satisfaction of enjoying as complete and thorough a keelhauling as was ever administered to any vagabond whatever, my jacket, shirt, and back, being scratched all to pieces. Of this, however, as well as of the loss of the gander, I was for a time quite unconscious, being confused by the shock my head had suffered; and the moment I succeeded in passing the rudder, and reaching the surface, I had all my thoughts engaged in rescuing the boy, who had now sunk two or three times, and was, I doubted not, sinking for the last time; for he was quite insensible when it was my good fortune to reach and seize him by the collar.

The bateau had by this time been borne by the tide against a projecting wharf, whither I easily swam with my charge, and then giving him up to his companions, who had now, by dint of yelling, brought several men to their assistance, I took to my heels, hoping to regain the sloop before Captain Day, who had gone ashore, should return and discover my absence. My only way of getting on board was that in which I had departed, namely, by swimming; and to this I betook me, by running a little up the stream, and then leaping again into the river.

My haste, however, was vain, the worthy skipper reaching the vessel an instant before myself; and when, having clambered up by the hawser and bobstay, I succeeded in jumping on deck, I—who was in such a pickle, what with my clothes torn to shreds, and dripping with water, and the blood trickling down my face, as the reader cannot conceive—found myself confronted with my tyrant face to face. He gave me a horrible stare of surprise, took one step forward, so as to bring me within reach of his arm, and exclaimed, 'You drabble-tailed tadpole! where have you been?' which question he accompanied with a cuff on the right cheek, that tossed me a full fathom to the larboard.

'Please, sir,' said I, in as much terror as my stupidity was capable of, 'overboard, sir.'

'Overboard!' cried my master, giving me a cuff with the other hand, that sent me just as far starboard; 'what have you been doing overboard?'

'Please, sir, saving a boy's life, sir,' returned unhappy I, beginning to be conscious of the enormity of my offence.

'Saving a boy's life!' ejaculated Skipper Day, knocking me again to larboard; and here I may as well observe, that this was his usual way of conversing with me, or rather of pointing his conversation; his stops being usually but three, a cuff to the right, and a cuff to the left, which he alternated with extreme regularity, at every other speech; and a full period, used at the close, by which I was laid as flat as a flagstone. 'Saving a boy's life!' cried the skipper, boxing me as aforesaid; 'I wish all the boys were in Old Nick's side-pocket, roasting! Where's the gander?'

The gander! ay, where was the gander! The question froze my blood. I remembered the loss. By this time the gander was a mile down stream, if not already lodged, in divided morsels, in the capacious jaws of a hundred catfish.

The skipper noticed my confusion, and his face of a sudden became small, being puckered by a universal frown, that began at forehead and chin and the two ears, and tended to the centre, carrying these several parts before it, till all were blended in a knot of wrinkles scarce bigger than his nose. He stretched forth his hand, and took me by the hair, of which I had a mop half as big as my whole body; and giving his arm a slow motion to and from him, like the crank-rod, or whatever they call it, of a locomotive, just as it is getting under way, and making my head, of course, follow in the same line of traverse, thundered in my ears, 'The gander! you twin-born of a horse-mackerel! where's the gander?'

'Please, sir,' I spluttered out, in a confusion of intellects that was with me extremely customary, 'boy was overboard—jumped overboard to save him.'

'But the gander!' quoth my honest master; 'where's the gander?'

'Please, sir, jumped overboard,' I repeated; 'got under the keel; knocked head—senses out, and—lost it.'

The chastisement which Robin received for this mishap was the last to which he was destined from the same quarter. The father of the child whom he had rescued, a worthy and opulent physician, received him into his family, and undertook to provide for, and, if possible, humanise him; Captain Day, meanwhile, having been subjected, by the intelligent indignation of the town's people, to an infliction of keelhauling, shaving, tarring, feathering, and banishment, all in pursuance of a sentence of Lynch Law.

Dr Howard, Robin's patron, placed him at school, with the intention of introducing him honourably into life. All things might now seem to be going merry as a marriage-bell. But care, which follows all men to the fleet, follows our hero from it, and he has a dismal story to tell—though no worse, we suppose, than most others who were brought up at the same time—of the treatment he received at the hands of

the ingenuous youth, his school-fellows, who were not only very pugnacious, but very speculative withal, and ready to go to death for their theories. Richard Dare, son of a soldier of the revolution, and leader of one of the parties in the school, introduced to his mates, in a good stump harangue, the doctrine of schoolboys' rights, and illustrated it so happily by analogies drawn from the movements of 1776, as to carry all before him. No sooner said than done. Mr Burley, bear-keeper to these young hopefuls, having occasion, before long, to chastise their leader, finds, to his cost, that the revolutionary train has been too well laid.

'I won't be trounced,' said Dickey Dare, 'except by a vote of the boys; for I go on the popular principle, and —' But Dickey had not time to finish his sentence; for Burley immediately rushed forward to seize him, which Dickey was fain to avoid by leaping over his desk to the floor, where, being closely followed, he let fly his inkstand, by which he did great damage to the head of one of his schoolmates, without, however, hurting the master, and then dropping like a log on the floor, whereby the autocrat, whose legs he dexterously seized upon, was suddenly overturned, with a shock that left him for a moment quite helpless. 'Now, fellows!—them that sint cowards, fall on!' cried the hero to his fellow conspirators, who, having been somewhat horrified by the sudden rally of the enemy, now recovered courage, and rushed upon him pell-mell; so that, when he recovered from the shock of his fall, not Gulliver himself, waking from his first nap in Lilliput, was more multitudinously overrun by the bodies, or more hopelessly secured in the toils, of his pigmy foes.

Horrible were the din and confusion that now prevailed; and horrible also, for a moment, were the struggles of the downfallen monarch, who, however, being somewhat troubled with an asthma, became, after a time, completely exhausted, and incapable of further resistance; upon which Master Dare demanded handkerchiefs to bind him securely, which being effected, this incomparable putter-down of tyrants snatched up a birchen twig, and dispensed, with uncommon coolness, a dozen thwacks upon the victim's shoulders. Nor did he rest here, but, passing the rod from hand to hand, compelled every member of the new-born republic to administer, in like manner, the same number of blows, which were, in general, laid on with exceeding good will. This being accomplished, he called for three cheers; after which we all took to our heels, leaving the deposed ruler to his meditations.

The success of the insurgents was altogether beyond their hopes. It set the town people to discussing the merits of the flogging system of education, which, being now brought under consideration for the first time, was pronounced by the majority entirely unsuited to the character and genius of a republican people, whose children, it was demonstrated, ought to be brought up with the highest ideas of personal independence and honour, of freedom and equality, which the tyranny of the rod must inevitably beat out of their tender spirits. It was agreed that the academy should thenceforth be governed on republican principles—that is, that there should be no more flogging.

The scheme, however, did not work so well in practice, as it looked in principle. The first master was discouraged, and took leave in a fortnight's time. A second, who was more persevering, discovered that it was not a question of liberty, but of who should be master, and, because he might not use force, he had to terminate his sway. The third, says Robin, 'met the views of all concerned, being a very amiable, indolent personage, who agreed the more readily to adopt the republican system, as he had just brains enough to perceive it would save him a vast deal of trouble. He seemed very well content we should do as we pleased, get our lessons when we liked, and as we liked, come in and go out, laugh, talk, play, fight, or do any thing else, just as we thought proper; a degree of forbearance that won our entire love and respect, which we were accustomed to show by peppering him, whenever he was in a brown study, with potato popguns and showers of ripe elder-berries; by emptying the ink bottle on his chair, when he appeared in white trousers, and strewing it with pin caltrops when in brown; and by sundry other innocent tricks, wherewith tender juveniles delight to show their affection. These little freedoms, it is true, sometimes drove him into a passion, when he scolded at us with great energy and emphasis; but they gave him no disgust at the school, in which he might have perhaps remained the president to this day, had it not been for a discovery made by some busy bodies, which brought his administration to a close, after six months' sway, and wrought somewhat of a change in public opinion on the subject of the new system.

The discovery was, that, under the said system, learning was at a stand-still, the boys having actually advanced in nothing but mischief during all that period. The system was again brought under discussion; the minority, who had originally opposed it, repeated their denunciations; and, after another squabble, which at the time bade fair to shake even the national government (so hot, furious, political, and patriotic, were the passions it excited), our enemies prevailed, and schoolboy rights and schoolboy glory fell for ever.

It was now urged, that the best way to bring up the boys of a republic in detestation of tyrants, was to put tyrants over them during their school-days, and thwack them into a thorough appreciation of the horrors and

inconveniences of oppression. In short, it was agreed that the *ancien régime* should be restored, and the birch used as before; or, at least, so far as was necessary to help us along with our books, and keep us on our best behaviour.

But it is not easy to bend these to the yoke, who have once tasted the sweets of freedom. One teacher after another was made to know, by woful experience, what doom he merits, who would shackle the movements of the free-born soul. At length the exigency became extreme; and the trustees adopted, as usual, the policy of seeking refuge from the intolerable tyranny of many to the more tolerable tyranny of one. They committed their charge to the dominion of a Mr McGoggin, a disciplinarian who knew neither fear nor favour, and by whom peace was once more restored to the establishment. For an account of Mr McGoggin's mode of reform, we must refer to the work itself, which will furnish many other matters for mirth to the reader.

LABOUR SONGS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

SINGING to labour is, we presume, more common on the continent than in our own grave and most reflecting country. In Germany, we should suppose that such things as labour songs must be numerous, for we find two modern poets of that country writing lyrics with reference to work, namely, Burder and Schiller. The girl's song to her spinning-wheel, by the former, is very happy. A translation of it, by Professor Tennant, has already appeared in our pages. The composition by Schiller is his *Song of the Bell*—a most extraordinary poem, all things considered, and one which has never yet been made known in this country to a degree comparable to its merits. To use the words of a work entitled *An Autumn Near the Rhine*—"The casting of a bell is in Germany an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighbourhood of the Hartz, and other mine districts, you read formal announcements in the news, papers from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared, and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting, and the cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and felicity of expression, in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly forms an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes be breaks forth into the most beautiful episodic pictures of the various scenes of life, with which the sounds of the bell are connected." We are tempted, from its connection with the present subject, to present a few passages from a very well executed translation of this celebrated song, which appeared a few years ago in a volume of poems edited by Joanna Baillie. Such parts of the episodes as we can afford room for are put within brackets, that they may be more readily distinguished from the rest:—

Fast immur'd within the earth,
Fixt by fire the clay-mould stands,
This day the Bell expects its birth:
Courage, comrades! ply your hands!
Hotly from the brow
Must the sweat-drop flow:
If by his work the master known,
Yet—Heav'n's must send the blessing down.

Billets of the fir-wood take,
Every billet dry and sound;
That flame on gather'd flames awake,
And vault with fire the furnace round.
Cast the copper in,
Quick, due weight of tin,
That the Bell's tenacious food,
Rightly flow in order'd mood.

[What now within the earth's deep womb
Our hands by help of fire prepare,
Shall on yon turret mark our doom,
And loudly to the world declare!
There its aerial station keeping,
Touch many an ear to latest time;
Shall mingle with the mourner's weeping,
And tune to holy choirs its chime.

All that to earth-born sons below
The changeful turns of fortune bring,
The Bell from its metallic brow
In warning sounds shall widely ring.]

Lo! I see white bubbles spring:—
Well!—the molten masses flow.
Haste, ashes of the salt-wort fling,
Quick'ning the fusion deep below.
Yet, from scorra free
Must the mixture be;

That from the metal, clean and clear,
Its sound swell tuneful on the ear.
[Hark! 'tis the birth-day's festive ringing!
It welcomes the beloved child,

Who now life's earliest way beginning,
In sleep's soft arm lies meek and mild.
As yet in time's dark lap repose,
Life's sunshine lot, and shadowy woes,
While tenderest cares of mothers born
Watch o'er her infant's golden morn.

The years like winged arrows fly:
The strippling from the female hand
Bursts into life all wild to roam;
And wandering far o'er sea and land,
Returns a stranger home.
There, in her bloom divinely fair,
An image beaming from the sky,
With blushing cheek and modest air
A virgin charms his eye.

A nameless longing melts his heart,
Far from his comrades' revels rude,
While tears involuntary start,
He strays in pathless solitude—

There, blushing, seeks alone her trace;
And if a smile his suit approve,
He seeks the prime of all the place,
The fairest flower to deck his love.]

Sweet, 'mid the tresses of the bride,
Blooms the virgin coronal,
When merry bells ring far and wide
Kind welcome to the festive day
Ah, that life's fairest festive day
Fades with the blossom of our May!
[Forth the husband must wend
To the combat of life;
Plunges in turmoil and strife.
Must plant, and must plan;
Gain get as he can.
Hazard all, all importune,
To woo and win forlorn.

Then streams, like a spring-flood, his wealth without measure,
And his granaries groan with the weight of their treasure;
And his farm-yards increase, and his mansion expands.

Now the house-wife within
Her course must begin;
Nurse, mother, and wife,
Share the troubles of life;
Discreetly severe
Rule all in her sphere;
Give each maiden employ,
Watch each troublesome boy.
With orderly care,
Keep all in repair;
And store without ceasing
Her riches increasing:

Fill her sweet-scented coffers; and, restlessly twirling,
Set each spindle a-spinning, each wheel ever whirling;
And in smooth-polish'd wardrobes range row above row,
Her woollen all radiant, her linen all snow;
And trim them, and prance them, and fashion them ever,
And rest—never.

The father now, with deep delight,
From his proud seat's wide-seeing roof,
Sums up the wealth that feeds his sight;
The branching columns that support
The loaded barns rang'd round the court;
Granaries that with corn o'erflow,
And harvests billowing to and fro;
And deems, fond man! that, prompt on gain,
Like pillars that the globe sustain,
His house in glory shall withstand
Misfortune's rough and ruthless hand.
But—none—no mortal can detain
Fate in adamant chain.

Mischance with hurried foot advances;
The time—Now, now begin the fusion:
The crevice now yields promise fair;
Yet, pause—nor hasten the conclusion,
Till Heav'n has heard our pious pray'r.
Push the stopper out.
Salute! watch the house about.
Smoking in the handle's bow,
Shoot the waves that darkly flow.

[A city conflagration is now described—after which:]

All prosperous seems beneath the earth,
Full and kindly fill'd the mould;
But will the day that views its birth,
What crowns our toil and art behold?
If the fusion fail!—
If the mould prove frail!—
Ah! haply, say! Hope's sunbeams glow,
Fate has already wrought the woe!
[From the dome,
Sad and slow,
Tolls the Bell,
The song of woe;
Its sad, its solemn strokes attend
A wanderer to his journey's end.
Ah! 'tis the dear one—'tis the wife!
'Tis the beloved, the loving mother!
Who by the prince of darkness borne,
From her fond husband's arms is torn—
Torn from each tender child away—
She bore him in her bloom of day—
Those who had grown upon her breast,
By love—a mother's love—carot.
Ah! the household's gentle band
Is loosed for ever—ever more;
She dwells within the shadowy land
Whose fondness hung that household o'er.
Now cease'd her zealous occupation,
None her kindness more shall prove;
O'er that wide waste, that orphan station,
A stranger rules devoid of love.]
While the Bell is cooling, rest,
Rest from toil and trouble free;
Each, as fits his fancy best,
Sport like bird at liberty.

Break the mould: its due employment
Now done, no more its aid we need.
Let heart and eye in full enjoyment,
On the well-formed image feed.
Swing, the hammer swing,
Till the cover spring.
When the earth the Bell releases,
The mould may split in thousand pieces.

Joy! joy to me, kind heav'n has giv'n:
Lo! like a star of golden birth,
The metal polish'd, smooth, and even,
Comes from its covert of earth.
Lo! round its beauteous crown
Sunlike radiance thrown
And the coat of arms' gay burnish
Shall to my skill new honour furnish.

Come all! come all!
Close your ranks, in order settle;
Baptize me now the hallow'd metal:
"Concordia!"—such her name we call.
To harmony, to heartfelt union,
It gathers in the blisful communion.
Be this henceforward its vocation;
For this I watch'd o'er its creation,
That while our life goes lowly under,
The Bell 'mid yon blue heav'n's expansion,
Should soar, the neighbour of the thunder,
And border on the starry mansion.
Its voice from yon aerial height
Shall seem the music of the sphere,
That rolling lands its Maker's might,
And leads along the crowned year:
To solemn and eternal things
Alone shall consecrate its chime,

And hourly, as it swiftly swings,
Overtake the flying wing of time:
Shall lend to Fate its iron tongue,
Heartless itself, nor form'd to feel,
Shall follow life's mad scenes among,
Each turn of Fortune's fickle wheel—
And, as its echo on the gale
Dies off, though long and loud the tone,
Shall teach that all on earth shall fall,
All pass away—save God alone.
Now, with the rope's unwearied might,
From its dark womb weigh up the Bell,
That it may gain th' aerial height,
And in the realm of Echo dwell.
Draw! draw!—it swings;
Hark! hark! it rings.
Joy to this town, be heard around!
Peace unto all, the Bell's first sound!

Amongst ourselves, while songs strictly for labour scarcely exist, we are not without a few relating to trades and occupations, and to some of these we may now advert. One, of very especial merit, bears reference to the business of the fisherman, but is a great favourite amongst all other classes, on account of its genuine natural sentiment. The turn of the last stanza is affecting beyond nine-tenths of the most pathetic poetry of scholarly workmanship!

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed!
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairn's bread!
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!
I culst my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boll, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!
O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And clouds us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten leary,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fa' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The mairlain and the creel!
And when we're age we're worn down,
And hirling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before:
Then, weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairn's bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

If any one, struck by the simple beauty of this strain wish to know from whom it proceeded, the only answer that we are aware can be given to the inquiry, is, that Burns somewhere reports it to have been the composition of a Mr Ewen, of Aberdeen.

"Tarry woo," another old Scottish song, is, as might be supposed, sacred to the generation of shepherds. It is popular all over the pastoral districts of Peebles, Selkirk, and Roxburgh shires, and is somewhat remarkable for one extrinsic circumstance—namely, that it is the only song which Sir Walter Scott, with his unmusical voice and no ear, ever attempted to sing before company. He regularly sang it, about the third bowl, at an annual meeting of farmers in his neighbourhood.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is fit to spin;
Card it weel, card it weel,
Card it weel, ere ye begin.
When it's cardit, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is haddin' done;
But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be clean'd for a queen.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife!
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lamblins answer mae;
No such music to his ear!
Of thief or fox he has no fear:
Sturdy kent, and collie true,
We'll defend the tarry woo.
He lives content, and envies none:
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
Has such pleasant holidays.
Who'd be king, can only tell,
When a shepherd sings a weel?
Sings a weel, and pays his due
With honest heart and tarry woo.

Next, we think, to having a song relative to labour, and calculated by its sentiments to make that labour appear light, is it to have a song which thus gives the charm of poetical grace and feeling to a particular trade or occupation. We wish that every trade had such: it would tend to support in the professors of each that harmless pride in their own craft which seems to be one of the things which give them a liking to their labours. Unfortunately, very few trades have been so far favoured by the muses. We are aware of none relative to the joys and sorrows of the tailor's lot; though nothing, we should suppose, could be more delightful than to hear some eighteen of these tradesmen on one board singing a duet descriptive of all that they do and suffer. Neither have the shoemakers, or

the bakers, or the butchers, or the grocers, any appropriate ditties. The poets have here shown a most intolerable partiality, for they have given us songs without number respecting the shepherds, the ploughmen, and the millers. As to millers in particular, have we not the gentleman who lived on the Dee, and was quite indifferent to all the world, since all the world was indifferent to him! also the fine description of a miller's domestic system, written by Sir John Clerk of Pennyneuk, of which we cannot refrain from presenting at least one verse—

Behind the door stand bags o' meal,
And in the ark is plenty,
And gude hard cakes his mother bakes,
And mony a sweeter dainty;
A gude fat sow, a sleeky cow,
Are standing in the byre,
And winking puss, wi' mealy mou',
Is playing round the fire.

This is part of the speech of a mother to a daughter, whom she wishes to marry a miller. In the song which ensues, we have one of the trade himself giving an account of the happiness of his condition: it is said to have been written by a Mr Charles Highmore, for Robert Doddsley, in whose play of the Miller of Mansfield it occurs:—

How happy a state does the miller possess!
Who would be no greater, nor fears be no less;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bespowed, the more like a beau;
A clown in his dress may be honest far,
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.
Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

And should he endeavour to keep an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grieve to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's wearied contented does lie;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy as a miller, then who'd be a king?

To conclude, we would once more recommend to the consideration of gentlemen of poetical endowment, and at the same time philanthropic views, the possibility of their doing a good turn to their fellow-creatures by composing songs appropriate to various branches of labour, and others calculated to raise in working people a feeling of pride and pleasure in their respective crafts.

SNATCHES OF CONTINENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

HOW THEY CURE NE'ERDOWEELS.

THE story of Jerry Guttridge, which was presented a few weeks ago in the Journal, furnished on the whole not a bad plan for "pulling up" that numerous class of beings usually known among us by the names of "ne'erdo-weels," "victims," and "downdraughts." I do not certainly recommend whipping as a means for curing either habitual drunkenness or idleness, for, independently of the cruelty of such a mode of punishment, it has generally the effect of hardening instead of mollifying the evil dispositions of offenders. Ne'erdo-weels must be treated very much like persons who labour under mental alienation. Their faculties and tastes are diseased. They are, in some respects, not accountable for their behaviour any more than an idiot or lunatic. As things go with us, ne'erdo-weels are subject to no species of judicial control. Their friends and relatives have no power whatever to place them legally in confinement. An honest and worthy man may be worried to death with a drunken wife or a vicious good-for-nothing son, but the law offers no means of relief. We hear daily of the most distressing cases of wives and families being in a state of destitution, in consequence of husbands and fathers spending their earnings in reckless intemperance, but neither magistrates nor correctional police have any thing to say in the matter. A man may allow his family to become a burden on society, but society can only complain of the injustice. With the greatest respect for civil liberty, we cannot help thinking that there is something wrong here; and it becomes a very grave question whether, in maintaining the principle of personal freedom, we do not, in this instance at least, go a little too far, and incur evils on the other side.

In Holland, and some of the German states (perhaps in all), it is competent for the public authorities to deprive any man of his liberty, and send him to the house of correction, on a due representation of his being guilty of habitual idleness, drunkenness, or general bad behaviour. Cases of ne'erdo-weelism and victimisation are consequently rare in Holland, and assuredly are not observable on the common thoroughfares, as we see them in this country. In Prussia, when a man addicts himself to habits of intemperance, and regularly mispends the earnings which should go to the maintenance of his family, the public authorities take cognisance of his conduct. He is pulled up. On being brought before a magistrate, we may suppose him to be addressed in the following

terms:—"You are here, sir, on the very serious charge of being a habitual drunkard. The wages which you earn, when it pleases your fancy to work, you regularly spend upon liquor; your wife and family are at the point of starvation; they have neither food nor fuel, and their clothing is insufficient for their necessities. This conduct is infamous, for you are a good workman, and could earn six thalers per week, on which yourself and family might live in great comfort and respectability. I say, your behaviour is intolerable; you are a public nuisance, for your example may seduce others to enter on the same career of wickedness; and in the meanwhile you are leaving your family to be a burden on honest and industrious men. But this shall continue no longer. I consign you to the correction-house, where you will be removed from all temptations to vice, and have an opportunity of working for your family, and of forming resolutions to amend your life for the future." Thus lectured on his delinquency, the ne'er-do-weel is handed to prison. He is there set to work, as far as it can be done, in the kind of employment he has been accustomed to, and a certain portion of his weekly earnings is given to his family. What may be the length of his confinement, I am not aware; most likely it varies according to the circumstances of the case, and the appearance of amendment. The object being to reclaim, not to punish, no undue harshness is employed.

During my stay in Holland, I heard of the practice of incarcerating and reclaiming ne'er-do-weels. At Rotterdam there are several apartments within the precincts of the Dol Huis, or lunatic asylum, which are employed for this purpose. On the representation of parents, guardians, or other relatives or friends, or by complaints for the public interest, all dissolute and abandoned characters, confirmed drunkards, whether male or female, are consigned for correction to the Dol Huis, while all houseless vagrants, youths who haunt the public thoroughfares, and can show no honest means of subsistence, and others in a deserted miserable condition, are taken hold of by the police, and sent off to one or other of the great industrial penitentiaries, called "home colonies," in a distant part of the country. In Amsterdam, there is a similar asylum or prison (Maison de Travail) for the incarceration of ne'er-do-weels of both sexes, and which is also useful as a house of refuge, or place in which work and subsistence may be had for a short period by persons in destitute circumstances.

These continental practices might not be strictly suitable in this country, but they afford a hint for something of the kind; and the subject is of such importance as to be well worthy of consideration.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RED-COLOURED RAIN.

THE following curious and important narrative, which is extracted from "Gassendi's Life of Peirese," throws some light upon a subject which has not unfrequently excited the wonder of the ignorant, and the attention of the learned. It affords, also, a good illustration of the way in which remarkable phenomena were popularly accounted for two centuries ago:—

"Through the whole of this year (1608) nothing gave M. Peirese greater pleasure than his observations upon the bloody rain, said to have fallen about the beginning of July. Large drops were seen, both upon the walls of the cemetery of the greater church, which is near the walls of the city, upon the walls of the city (Aix, it is presumed), and likewise upon the walls of villas, hamlets, and towns, for some miles round the city. In the first place, M. Peirese went to examine the drops themselves, with which the stones were reddened, and spared no pains to obtain the means of conversing with some husbandmen beyond Lambese, who were reported to have been so astonished at the shower, as to leave their labour, and fly for safety into the neighbouring houses. This story he ascertained to be without foundation.

To the explanations offered by the philosophers, who said that the rain might come from vapours, which had been raised out of red earth, he objected that evaporated fluids do not retain their former hues, as is plainly exemplified in the colourless water distilled from red roses. Nor was he better satisfied with the opinion of the vulgar, countenanced by some of the theologians, who maintained that the appearance was produced by demons, or witches, shedding the blood of innocent babes. This he thought was a mere conjecture, scarcely reconcilable with the goodness and providence of God. In the meantime, an accident happened, which discovered to him, as he thought, the true cause of the phenomenon. He had found, some months before, a chrysalis of a remarkable size and

form, which he had enclosed in a box. He thought no more of it until, hearing a buzz within the box, he opened it, and perceived that the chrysalis had been changed into a beautiful butterfly, which immediately flew away, leaving at the bottom of the box a red drop of the size of a shilling.

As this happened about the time when the shower was supposed to have fallen, and when a vast multitude of those insects was observed fluttering through the air in every direction, he concluded that the drops in question were some kind of excrementitious matter emitted by them when they alighted upon the walls. He therefore examined the drops again, and remarked, that they were not upon the upper surfaces of stones and buildings, as they would have been if a shower of blood had fallen from the sky, but rather in cavities and holes where insects might nestle. Besides this, he took notice that they were to be seen upon the walls of those houses only which were near the fields; and not upon the more elevated parts of them, but only up to the same moderate height at which the butterflies were accustomed to flutter. In this way he explained the story, told by Gregory of Tours, of a bloody shower seen at Paris, in the time of Childebert, at different places, and upon a house in the vicinity of Senlis; and another, said to have fallen in the time of King Robert, about the end of June, the drops of which could not be washed out by means of water, when they had fallen upon flesh, garments, or stones, but might be washed out from wood; for the time there stated was the season for the butterflies, and he showed that no water could wash out these red marks from stones. After discussing these and similar arguments in the presence of much company, at the house of his friend Varius, they determined to inspect the appearance together; and as they wandered through the fields, they saw many drops upon the stones and rocks, but only in hollows, or upon sloping surfaces, and not upon those which were presented to the sky." It is perhaps only necessary to observe, that the phenomenon here described was no doubt correctly accounted for. The butterfly observed by Peirese is supposed to have been the common butterfly of our own fields. It has been observed to deposit the same red sort of fluid in England.

But although Peirese satisfactorily explained the appearance which came under his own observation, it is not to be taken for granted that all such blood-like phenomena are caused by the sloughing of insects. In the Philosophical Journal for 1830, there is a translation from the German of Mr Ehrenberg, of an elaborate essay, in which the author shows that the appearances which have at different times been observed in Egypt, Arabia, Siberia, and other places, are not to be attributed to one, but various causes. Beginning with the most ancient account of blood-coloured water in the books of the Jewish legislator, he succinctly notices the various descriptions of the phenomenon which are given us in the works of ancient and modern writers, ending with the red and orange-coloured snow of Captains Parry, Ross, and Scoresby, and his own observations of the blood-red waters of Siberia. From his statement it appears there is sufficient evidence for believing that rivers have flowed suddenly with red or bloody water, without any previous rain of that colour having fallen: that lakes or stagnant waters were suddenly or gradually coloured without previous blood-rain: that meteoric substances, which are usually colourless—dew, rain, snow, hail, and what are called shot-stars, fall from the air red-coloured, as blood-dew, blood-rain, and clotted blood, without the atmosphere being obscured by the red dust. And, lastly, that the atmosphere is occasionally loaded with red dust, by which the rain accidentally assumes the appearance of blood-rain, in consequence of which, rivers and stagnant waters assume a red colour. Into the author's various details we need not enter.

The blood-red colour which pools sometimes exhibit was first satisfactorily explained by Girod Chantran about the close of the last century. Observing the water of a pond to be of a brilliant red colour, it occurred to him not only to prove the colour of the water chemically, but also to observe it with the microscope. He found that the sanguine hue resulted from the presence of innumerable animalcules not visible to the naked eye. A German philosopher of the name of Weber, who had witnessed the same phenomenon, had accounted for it in the same manner a few years before the Frenchman. But previously to the investigations of either, several philosophers, among others Linnaeus, had shown that red infusoria were capable of giving that colour to water which in early times was supposed to forebode great calamities, and to throw whole districts and communities into the greatest alarm. One of the latest instances of this superstitious dread occurred in 1815, when an appearance of the above description was seen in a lake near Lubotin, in the south of Prussia. Red, violet, or grass-green spots, were observed in the lake, about the end of harvest. In winter the ice was coloured in this manner three lines in thickness on the surface, while beneath it was colourless. The inhabitants in the neighbourhood, like the Greeks and Arabians of former times who had witnessed something of the same kind, prognosticated great misfortunes from the appearance. It fortunately happened that the celebrated chemist Klaproth was then actively engaged in his researches, and he took an opportunity of ascertaining the chemical ingredients of the colour. He

found that an albuminous vegetable matter, with a particular colouring matter very similar to indigo, caused the appearance, and concluded that these were produced by the decomposition of vegetables in harvest. The transition of colour from green to violet and red, this philosopher explained by the absorption of more or less oxygen. Thus both animals and vegetables are concerned in giving a peculiar tinge to water. Scoresby mentions, that in 1820 he observed the water of the Greenland sea striped alternately with green and blue, and that the particular colours were produced by small animalcules. The red snow seen by Captain Ross, during his northern voyage in 1818-20, excited much attention at the time, but it has now ceased to be a marvel. In Baffin's Bay he found red mountains six miles in length and six hundred feet in height, the colour of which was caused by large flakes of snow resting upon them. The colouring matter was collected, and on experiment found to be a vegetable substance; and botanists unanimously declare that it is not a decomposed dead substance, but a living vegetable organisation. How it came there, is not so easily settled; the most plausible supposition is, that these minute plants are foreign bodies wafted from another situation and deposited in the snow, &c., by the melting of which they collect in masses, and thus produce the red-coloured patches. The cases in which red atmospheric dust colours the earth as well as water, are less satisfactory, and need not be described. The blood-red waters of a Siberian lake were carefully examined by Mr Ehrenberg, and found to contain multitudes of infusoria, by the presence of which this very striking phenomenon is accounted for.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT EMIGRANT TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr B—, a young married man belonging to Edinburgh, known as an upright and intelligent person to the Editors of this Journal, emigrated to South Australia in the summer of 1838, accompanied by his wife. He designed to employ a few hundred pounds of capital in sheep-farming, or any other course of life which might promise well, and for which he conceived himself fitted. In April last, after having been three months in the colony, he wrote to a friend in this city a free statement of all his impressions respecting Adelaide and its neighbourhood; and the letter has been handed to us, with permission to print some extracts from it. Our confidence in the integrity and good sense of the writer has disposed us to act upon this permission, for the benefit of the public; and we accordingly subjoin the most important passages of Mr B—'s letter. We at the same time deem it necessary to remark, with regard to such parts as are unfavourable to this new colony, that the impressions of a settler are apt to be of a disagreeable kind at first—a simple consequence of the want of the familiar comforts of the old country—and that they generally improve through time. It appears necessary that some allowance should be made on this score. The most important part of the communication is that relating to the arrangements for the purchase of land. The difficulties, competitions, and stratagems here depicted as besetting this first essential of the business of settling, seem to show the worst possible management in the Colony.

After mentioning that on his arrival at Adelaide he embraced an offer from an old friend settled there, to go into partnership with him in keeping a store for the sale of goods, and that he has agreed to follow this line of business for twelve months, Mr B— goes on to say, that while he was writing, the market at Adelaide was prodigiously glutted with various kinds of goods, particularly ironmongery or hardware. Having given a few particulars of a private nature on this point, he next enters on the matter of public interest.

"To come, or not to come, that is the question; but this I cannot resolve for you. All I can do is simply to supply you with a few facts, which may assist you in forming your own opinion. I would say, let your sole reason for coming be the making, without much trouble, a comfortable livelihood and independence in the country. This can certainly be accomplished under the necessary privations attendant on such a first settlement, and with the requisite amount of cash. As to a person's happiness and comfort from other sources, ten to one but you can find them at home a thousand times more easily. Do not allow your imagination to conjure up here more beautiful skies, more fertile plains, more social happiness, than at home, or you will be disappointed. Many exaggerations and deceptions have been practised regarding the colony. As an instance, from a statement at the top of page 22 of S—'s pamphlet, any one would be led to the conclusion that gardens in the town would any where be seen producing all the fine things there enumerated; you may have an idea, then, of the disappointment which we experienced on first entering Adelaide about the middle of summer—going up the principal street, and not seeing (probably with one exception) a single green stump, scarcely a single attempt at a garden at all, and nothing better to be seen than a few sickly cabbages. I don't mean to say that the country could not produce what is stated, but it is not doing so at present, and this probably forms your first source of disappointment on coming here. Vegetables sell extravagantly high; a miserable head of cabbage will bring 3d.; a good-sized melon 3s.; onions 1s. 6d. a-pound; potatoes 6d.

a-pound, &c. Turn next to the bottom of page 16, and you will find the emigration agent in December 1836 stating that he had dug at his tent for water, and that it came in so abundantly, that he could only get down seven feet. It is true he does not state where his tent was when this feat was performed; but from the letter, one is (I think) almost led to the conclusion that it was in Adelaide. Now, the fact is, that there no water can be had but what is brought in carts from the river Torrens, as it is called (but for river you may understand rivulet, and not undervalue it); and not only is it not good, because it is taken from almost stagnant pools containing decaying vegetable matter, but for this water a family would require to pay 3s. a-week for as much as they would require, or, more correctly, the regular charge is 2s. for the fill of a porter hogshead cask. There are now a good number of wells sunk in the town, but the average depth of these is not less than seventy feet. Now, where the English agent can have dug his well, I have no idea; but certain it is, that water is to be had nowhere (at the season mentioned), unless in the neighbourhood of pools in the bed of the river. In general, water need not be expected at a depth of less than twenty or thirty feet, and the want of water is the universal complaint. As for the river Torrens, I have not been two miles up it from Adelaide; but so far as I have been, it consists of a stream of pretty deep pools, and at a mile or a mile and a half below the town is completely dry. While passing the town, the run of water would certainly not fill an ordinary furrow. I do not doubt that in winter there may be a pretty large stream, and even torrents perhaps occasionally, for the size of the bed of the river, and the appearance of its banks, give sufficient evidence of this; but, at the present season, it is no better than I have stated it. As I have already stated, there is over the country almost a complete want of water for three or four months in the year, without digging to a very considerable depth for it. This you may easily believe was another source of great disappointment to us, and affords a good illustration of the colour put upon matters here to gull the people at home. Lastly, but greatest in importance, is the difficulty of obtaining land on arrival here, a subject upon which the most false official accounts have been sent home, and which have been the source of much misery and disappointment here.

No land, to any extent, can yet be obtained unless by special surveys, and within a very short time upwards of ten have been obtained. The way this is managed is this: A district is explored and fixed upon, and a number of individuals may join in the survey; and a number of parties have thus got their land in a short time, and without much trouble. They can possess it legally before it be surveyed. They merely require to give a description of the district containing the 15,000 acres, which is sufficient in the meantime. The desire for land here at present amounts to a perfect mania. I shall give you an example. The Messrs H— had been squatting upon a fine district which they had discovered. A friend from Sydney came to spend a few days with them; he coveted the spot, and being possessed of the funds, demanded a special survey before the Messrs H— had any knowledge of the proceedings, and they were of course immediately dispossessed. But the following example will give you a still better idea of the eagerness for speculation in land here at present. An extensive merchant in town had freighted a ship to go to Port Lincoln to explore thereabouts, believing from certain information that it would be an excellent place for a survey. He thought he had slipped off very quietly, but his departure was soon known. Some people in the town had caught the mania, and resolving not to be outdone, raised the funds among themselves (ignorant of course whether the place would turn out well or not), and had a survey of Port Lincoln applied for long before the two voyagers had returned, who now discovered to their mortification that their labours had been in vain. To such a height did this mania go, that the shares in the survey, which cost L3, were selling for L30, and even L60, it is said, and this too before the information had been received as to the real value of the land. It is now believed that the land is fine, and there is said to be plenty of water, and no doubt ever existed as to its splendid harbour. At present, great numbers of people are going to it, but the excitement and puffing about it are so great, that I really cannot obtain accurate information about it. The mania for forming towns also prevails here at present. This is managed by the holders of country sections mapping them into acre or half-acre lots, and selling them for towns at the rate of L5, L6, or even L10 an acre. A number of towns at the distance of three, six, and ten miles, have thus been formed round Adelaide, but I am not aware that any houses have as yet been erected upon any of them, with the exception of one, called Hindmarsh Town (the late governor's section), about one and a half or two miles from Adelaide, on which there is a considerable number of houses, belonging chiefly to the lower classes. A fine district was lately discovered by one of the assistant commissioners, about twenty-five miles from Adelaide, having abundance of water throughout the year, being situated upon a branch of a lately discovered river, the Parra, and having a salt-water creek coming into it, navigable by boats for about three miles. A special survey was obtained, of course, and a town is being laid out, called Port Gawler, and is to be sold at L20 a half acre! The rest of the survey is to be laid out in small farms of fifty acres, on a seven years' lease, to be rented at L8 per acre, and purchasable by the party at the end of three years, if he choose, at L12 per acre. I have heard that L10 an acre has been offered and refused for the whole survey. Thus you see how easily a lucky hit may make a fortune:—here L4000 converted into L40,000 in the twinkling of an eye! The S—'s were disappointed with things generally as well as we, but particularly on account of the great difficulty of getting possession of land; so much so, that they had almost resolved to go on to Sydney and remain there for some time (provisions being so much dearer here) until they could obtain land; but the special surveys had just

then commenced, and they, through a gentleman here, heard of a very good district about twenty-five miles distant, with a considerable quantity of water in pools upon it; the land, however, was also good, and they joined with some friends and got a special survey of it. Mr S— has now got his portion ascertained, and is just removing to it. He is delighted with his purchase, for a great part of which I do not suppose he would part with for L3 per acre.

As to climate, you will see you cannot, as yet, look for my experience. We landed in the middle of summer, and it certainly was disagreeably warm, if not oppressively so, the thermometer in our wooden house standing occasionally at 110 or 112 degrees, but by night falling to 80, 70, or even 60 degrees. The heat, after all, is certainly not so oppressive as it might be expected from the height of the thermometer, and is nothing like the oppressive heat of the Brazils, which has a peculiar sickness about it, although the thermometer may not indicate the same height as we have here. We had ample experience of this, having put in at Pernambuco for a few days. I would say, generally, that it is warmer here than the descriptions led me to expect; but with this you may enjoy the peculiar satisfaction of having, I may say, always an agreeable coolness during the night. The only objection I have to the climate is the extreme changes of temperature, generally three times a-day, increasing greatly the difficulty of escaping colds.* At present, for example, the thermometer in the morning may be about 66 degrees, 96 or 98 at mid-day, and 66, or even lower, again by night. For my own part, I have enjoyed the best health since I came, and am twice as strong I daresay as when I left home. I don't say that with the same amount of muscular exercise in the open air at home I might not have enjoyed as good health, but the grand difficulty is to get that exercise at home. Upon the whole, nothing can be objected to on the head of climate. As to noxious animals, it may almost be said that we have none of them. About the Port, and marshy places, there are numbers of mosquitoes, but none about Adelaide, unless a stray one now and then. There are snakes, of course, but I have seen none, and heard of but very few. There are great numbers of ants, but they are not found to be any real practical grievance. At first we were very much annoyed by fleas, which here exist in great numbers, apparently generated in the sand. They have almost all disappeared now, but whether they will return or not, I cannot say. I have seen one scorpion and one centipede, but one never hears of them from others, and I conclude there are not many of them. I have also seen a few pisantes, an animal not unlike an ant, but they are not worth mentioning as a source of discomfort.

The appearance of the country is very pretty even now, when almost completely bare with pasturing and burning off the grass; and in a few weeks I can easily believe what I am told, that it will be very beautiful. When a little rain has fallen, vegetation proceeds with inconceivable rapidity. The timber is in general no thicker than you would wish for useful and ornamental purposes; and in many places the country is really like a gentleman's seat, as the printed accounts state it to be.

As for wild animals, there appear to be very few. I have seen neither emu, kangaroo, duck, nor wild dog; indeed, I have seen nothing but parrots (small parrots), which exist in considerable numbers about Adelaide, but are too small to be worth killing for eating. I have seen a few parrots, but they, like the other wild animals, have fled before their civilised destroyers. I am told that during the rainy season ducks are to be found in great abundance. There are also, I believe, a good many quails; but upon the head of sporting, you need calculate nothing, as there is no sport to be had worth the exertion, within a reasonable distance of the town, at all events. Up the country, however, I believe it is a little better. Guns, therefore, you will easily believe, are at a discount; the colony is quite stocked with them; almost every emigrant brings one, or even a pair, besides the regular stock sent out for sale.

Now, on the supposition that you and friends make up your minds to come, I must add a few observations on this view of the matter. I have already stated that there exists a difficulty of getting good land by any one just come out—not exactly that good land does not exist, but that the good which is found on the regular surveys is sure to be picked up either by the preliminary section-holders, or by the friends of the surveyors, who always manage to get the first hint, and can secure a good section in this way. There is no hope for the present, therefore, of good sections being easily and soon obtained by people coming out, nor can they do so by other means than a special survey. On the supposition, therefore, that you come, the best way, I think, to proceed would be this: Having examined a tract of country, and found it suitable for all of us (for I may include myself too), we should join, and obtain a survey of it. You will see by the regulations that when such a survey is taken, a space of 15,000 acres is fixed upon, out of which, when surveyed, the 4000 acres are selected. The surveyors, however, have so much work to do, that perhaps for a few years it would not be surveyed, and thus the occupancy of the 15,000 acres would be secured. But suppose it were to be soon surveyed, the land may be so chosen that only about 4000 acres of good soil could be obtained, all beyond being fit merely for pasturage. This would secure you against any one demanding another special survey near you; and so, after all, you might still command an unlimited run of pasturage without paying a sixpence for it.

Early in April 1838, Mr R— L—, a gentleman well acquainted with pastoral affairs, and formerly employed by the South Australian Company (whose services he states he left in disgust), landed in the colony 390 ewes and 10 rams. The dropping of lambs unfortunately commenced immediately after landing, and while the ewes were suffering from the effects of the voyage, so that a considerable number were lost. The produce, however, of the flock, on the 1st June, amounted to 351

lambs. On the 1st of January last, the same ewes lambed the second time, and the produce was 306 lambs, making the increase of Mr L—'s flock as under:—

1838, May 1. Original flock—ewes and lambs	400
June 1. Increase—lambs	351
1838, Jan. 1. do. do.	306
Increase within seven months	637

Total on 13th January last 1057

The lambs of the first dropping in the colony will produce in August next, along with the imported ewes, and Mr L— calculates that his increase of lambs upon the whole flock, during that month, will amount to 540, which added to the present flock of 1057, shows an increase upon the original importation, of 400, of 1197 within little more than sixteen months.

The above statement I have taken from the South Australian Gazette of 2d March, and have every reason to believe it to be perfectly true. This will show you that the published statements as to the increase of sheep have not been exaggerated, as some people were apt to suspect. Both Wentworth and Lang, for example, state the increase of a flock of 670 at the end of the first year to be only 595. The price of the best ewes in lamb here, I may add, varies at present from L2 to L2, 10s., but the large importations must soon reduce this price. I see they are to be bought just now in Sydney for 13s. and 15s. A gentleman told me he saw sold a day or two ago a fine cow in calf for L12, and another in calf with one at her foot for L16, what would have cost upwards of L30 eight or nine months ago."

The writer concludes with some private details and the strong recommendation to his friends, that, should they decide on emigrating, and take intermediate berths on board ship, they must by all means procure a written agreement from the charterer and captain of the vessel, defining the kind and variety of accommodations they are to receive during the voyage. All persons who have proceeded to Australia as emigrants seem to concur in enforcing attention to this point, a circumstance which reflects little credit on the integrity of charterers or the humanity of captains of vessels.

In all probability we shall ere long have another letter from Mr B—, and should it contain any remarks of apparent value to intending emigrants, we shall take an opportunity of presenting them to our readers.

STORY OF ELEANOR.

[The Dublin University Magazine, as we lately mentioned, has for some time been materially improving in the quality of its contents, which, bating occasional papers written in a style of furious partisanship that nobody of course reads, are worthy of being ranked with those of any English periodical now issuing from the press. To its enterprising publishers must unquestionably be assigned the merit of bringing out and encouraging the native literary talent of Ireland; many of the articles in the Magazine are contributed by a set of clever writers whose names are as yet hardly known in Britain, but whose reputation is daily extending, and will ultimately be acknowledged in our common literature. The following little story, which we have slightly abridged, will afford a specimen of the lively style of one of these writers: It occurs as one of a series of papers, called the Recollections of a Portrait-Painter.]

ONE of the standing annoyances to which a portrait painter is subjected, is that of being perpetually called upon to pourtray the features of individuals, who, whilst they cannot be called positively ugly, are still so far from handsome, and so much farther from the possession of any peculiar expression, good or bad, that it is impracticable to throw any interest into their portraits, save for those who know the originals. Such has been my continual experience ever since, brush in hand, I entered the lists, where so many nobler and more gifted competitors than myself are contending for the prize of fame. And yet, paradoxical as the statement may seem, one of the most insipid portraits I ever undertook to paint was the means of procuring me more genuine pleasure than I have often found in this world of tribulation and vexation.

Miss Georgiana D— was just one of those commonplace, red and white, unindividualised girls whom it is a labour to talk to, or to paint, either in words or colours. She had one quality, however, which rendered her a person of much consideration in her own circle—she was rich.

Miss D— was a parlour boarder in a fashionable metropolitan school, and the painting of her portrait originated in the fancy of a rich and childless uncle in Bombay, who had the power, if he pleased, to swell the heiress's fortune to three times its present extent. To do Miss D— justice, I do not think her own vanity would have induced her to sit to me. She was too inert and sleepy to be very vain, and certainly had no innate love of the fine arts, which might have tempted her to patronise one of their votaries. Her exclamation, when she saw the picture on its completion, might have settled that question for ever—"Dear, dear! well, I dare say it is like me, though—and I am sure the laze tucker is the very same!" The background, and the rich drapery, and the flush tints, on which I had expended so much thought and care, were all as nothing to her!

Yet the painting of that portrait is connected in my mind with such sunny and happy recollections—with so much of the romance of real life, that I look back on it as one of the brightest vistas in the image of memory. Another face arises in my dreams beside that inexpressive visage—a face, of which a glimpse might put a man in good humour for a week, and even reconcile him to the task of painting a Miss D—! The face of Eleanor Armstrong, the under-teacher at Miss Toogood's seminary, always rises to my mental

* It is odd to hear a person from Scotland complaining of changeableness of climate.—Ed.]

sight, amidst the memories of that time, as one of the fairest visions that ever blessed the eyes of painter.

Miss D— had favoured me with one or two sittings, when Miss Toogood suggested that a companion might be useful in talking to her, as I ought to catch the varying expression of my sitter's countenance! I certainly did not expect that any thing under an earthquake or the laughing gas could induce the heiress to move a muscle; but as I could not decently say so, I assented, and Eleanor Armstrong was forthwith installed in her office of conversationist, and elicitor of expression, where, alas! there was none to elicit. Oh! what a face was that which beamed on me, when, on the third day of my purgatory, I entered the room set apart for my work. There was Miss D—, just as heavy and blank as usual, but beside her sat Eleanor Armstrong—the personification of living loveliness. Beautiful, very beautiful, was the under-teacher. She painted her likeness on the minds of all who looked on her, as effectually as ever the sun painted the features of a landscape in Mr Talbot's newly discovered camera obscura. But this sort of painting did not content me; I longed to paint her portrait. Had I asked permission to do so, I might, perhaps, have been refused; at any rate, such a request would naturally have drawn on the fair damsel the envy of the amiable proprietress of the establishment, of a worthy lady of a certain age, who presided over the spelling and the needlework, and of an old French governess. So I forbore the request, but not the deed. During the very frequent sittings with which I discovered it was indispensably requisite Miss D— should indulge me, I managed to transfer that lovely face to a miniature canvass, secretly placed in front of the larger one; and, copying this at home on a larger scale, assisted by memory, I managed to make a portrait so striking, that the likeness was almost startling. Poor dear Eleanor! She little guessed the nature of my employment, or of what vast importance to her future happiness that employment was to be.

The portraits were finished. Miss D—'s was to have graced the walls of Somerset House; but as the person who had undertaken to convey it to the Indian nabob left England earlier than he had intended, it was consigned to his keeping, and from that time to this I have seen and heard no more of it. The other, so secretly wrought, so fairly finished, supplied its place in the Exhibition. Fresh, and fair, and new, did that sweet face look amongst the resemblances of glowing gentlemen and smirking ladies, by which it was surrounded. Many a loudly expressed burst of admiration, many a whisper of deeper and truer delight, were elicited from the groups which crowded round that transcendent portrait; and often might be heard the murmur of disappointment, when the page in the catalogue, eagerly turned to for information, was found to contain nothing respecting the original, save the unsatisfactory words, "Portrait of a young lady."

The season was drawing to a close, and the Exhibition rooms were unusually crowded. I happened to be there, and saw with much pleasure that the gazers on my favourite picture were as numerous as ever. Amongst these there was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, of remarkably distinguished appearance, who seemed to regard it with an extraordinary degree of interest. Long did he pause before it, long after the groups around had departed, and he was left alone to survey it at leisure. He paced back and forward before it, looked at it from all points of view, and finally left the room rather quickly, with the air of a man who has formed some hasty purpose, and is determined to lose no time in executing it.

"I shall see that youth again," was the prophetic impression on my mind, and I was not mistaken. That very evening my servant announced "a gentleman on business," and on the skirts of the announcement, the gaze of the morning entered my apartment.

Long before this time my readers will have anticipated that the young man had been struck by the likeness of the picture to some one in whom he was deeply interested. Such was precisely the case. He came to me for the purpose of ascertaining the residence of the original, of whose identity he had not a moment's doubt; but it is best that I should detail the history I gathered from him, in a somewhat more connected form than it was poured out to me.

Eleanor Armstrong was the only daughter of an excellent clergyman, and distantly related, by the mother's side, to the very noble and very proud Lady Borrodaile. Left an orphan at twelve years old, and very slenderly provided for, pity or pride, or both together, induced the titled dame to extend her protection to her fair young relative, and to receive her under her own roof. This was a piece of virtue which brought with it its own reward; for if ever embodied sunshine were the inmate of an earthly dwelling, Borrodaile Park had such an inmate in the person of Eleanor. Gay, but never noisy, wise as well as witty, loving and amiable as she was beautiful, Eleanor Armstrong was as a new life and pulse to the somewhat starchy inhabitants of the gloomy old mansion. Her light foot sounded strangely pleasant as she tripped over the old oaken floors, so long used to echo nothing but the stately steps of the Lady Borrodaile and her attendants. Her sweet laugh rang like fairy music amongst the arched roofs, and in the broad, quiet corridors. Her bright face looked out like a flower with a soul in it (it is a conceit, but it is so like her)

from the dark recesses and the Gothic windows. The Lady Borrodaile felt her influence—she could not resist it; and her heart, cold and formal as was the set of its currents, could not but warm into something like attachment to the fair being who was so happy, so cheerful, and, above all, so grateful and dependent.

But if the proud and formal lady almost thawed in the presence of the sweet Eleanor, there was another heart which, naturally warm and ardent in its feelings, fired with a passion of the most enthusiastic and devoted kind, as my heroine changed from a lovely child to a lovelier woman.

Sir Philip Borrodaile was an only child, and had been left under the guardianship of his proud mother, by a very weak and very henpecked father, who died when his son was little more than an infant. Fond of power, which she had exercised with an iron hand over poor Sir Ralph, from the time of his marriage to his decease, and hating to give up her way over any person until she should reach the extremest point to which it was possible to retain it, she had prevailed on her husband to give her a certain authority over the pecuniary resources of Sir Philip, which he could not shake off until he should have attained his twenty-fifth year.

Had he been a constant resident at Borrodaile Park, his heart might not have been less kind, but his manners might have contracted the dignified coldness of those around him, and the continued presence of his orphan cousin might have averted the event his mother dreaded; he might have loved her as a sister, and no more. But fearing the consequences of constant intercourse with one so lovely and so poor, the lady contrived that he should spend much of his time at a distance from home; and whenever he was a visitor at the Park, she never failed to expatiate largely on the horrors of *misalliances* in general, with a special clause against those which included relationship, however distant, amongst their disadvantages. Certainly for a wise woman, Lady Borrodaile did a very foolish thing, for her design was immediately seen through; and as Sir Philip was not without a spice of the spirit of contradiction in his nature, he naturally fell in love with Eleanor, with a vehemence and ardour unsurpassed in all the records of romance.

[The affection became mutual; but being discovered by Lady Borrodaile, her son was dispatched on foreign travel, and Eleanor shortly afterwards expelled from the family, and compelled to take up the employment of an under-teacher in the educational establishment of a Miss Toogood, in London. All letters sent to her from Sir Philip were intercepted, and she was at last, by the artful insertion of a paragraph in a newspaper, announcing a projected union between him and a certain Lady Honoria M—, forced to believe that she was entirely forgotten and abandoned.]

She had a long and severe illness, and for weeks small hopes were entertained that she would survive. But a sound constitution and an elastic spirit will bear up marvellously through heavy troubles, and revive again and again from bitter mental suffering. Eleanor Armstrong had a truly affectionate heart, and she had loved with all the warmth and enthusiasm of which such a one is capable; but still she was not the girl to die of love, or resolve to be miserable because she had known disappointment, especially when she remembered that the object of her attachment had proved himself unworthy of it. She rallied her pride and her spirit—called in the blessed aids of religion and reason, and in a few months the lovely under-teacher was as lovely as ever. There was, perhaps, a little more thought on her brow, a little more tenderness in her smile—but she was once more able to perform her duties with attention and energy, and her cheerful resignation and unrepining content won her the love and respect of every being near her, whose heart was not utterly sheathed in the frost of selfishness.

I do not doubt that if Sir Philip Borrodaile had crossed her path no more, she would in time have conquered the lingerings of attachment towards him which would sometimes rebel in her heart, and even might at some future day have practically proved that it is quite possible to love more than once. I say this might have happened, but the fates (in compassion to the romantic portion of my readers) had ordered otherwise, and Eleanor Armstrong was doomed to remain a heroine after the most approved fashion.

The baronet had contracted an acquaintance, while on the continent, with an English nobleman, to whose party he speedily attached himself, and with them returned to England. His mother was delighted at this accident, for the family of the aforesaid nobleman was an ancient one, and his estates large, and she allowed to herself that the Earl of V—'s only daughter might be almost a sufficiently good match for the heir of Borrodaile Park. It was at her instigation that a newspaper paragraph had insinuated the probability of such a marriage, and by her direction that the paper was placed in the way of Eleanor Armstrong. To her son she was all warmth and affection. The untruths respecting Eleanor's conduct, which she rather hinted at than expressed, were of such a nature as to lead Sir Philip to suppose that his betrothed had acted in such a manner as to place an eternal bar betwixt them. She described Eleanor's departure from her protection as entirely her own spontaneous deed, and even denied any knowledge of her residence or situation. But Sir Philip clung long and obstinately to the memory of his early love; and

it was only on the very eve of his twenty-fifth birthday that his mother extracted from him a consent to pay a long-delayed visit to the Earl of V—, and if he should find Lady Honoria still as favourably disposed towards him as she once seemed to be, to offer her his hand. For this purpose he went to London. Lady Borrodaile had no fears respecting the possibility of his meeting with Eleanor, for her obsequious *confidante*, Miss Toogood, was carefully apprised of Sir Philip's intended journey, and had orders to keep her fair inmate pretty close during his stay in town. Great was the surprise of Miss Toogood when a gentleman called at the "establishment," and demanded an instant and private interview with Miss Armstrong. Greater still was her consternation when, on entering the drawing-room half an hour afterwards in an agony of uncontrollable curiosity, the gentleman announced himself as Sir Philip Borrodaile. Greatest of all was the anger of his lady mother when she was informed of the frustration of her schemes!

A fortnight after his memorable visit to the Exhibition, Sir Philip Borrodaile kept his twenty-fifth birthday. In three months more, a bridal party stood before the altar of St George's, Hanover Square. Sir Philip Borrodaile was the bridegroom, a bishop pronounced the blessing, I gave away the bride, and that bride was Eleanor Armstrong.

The portrait which plays so conspicuous a part in this faithful narrative, still hangs in the gallery of Borrodaile Park. There are many others around it by far worthier hands than mine—pictures, for which hundreds and thousands have been refused—pictures, that have raised the envy of half the connoisseurs in Europe—but there is not one which the master so dearly prizes as that which made its *début* at Somerset House in the humble character of the "Portrait of a young lady."

LAW, THE PROJECTOR.

Now and then, in the common course of events, we find obscure men, but of enlarged conceptions, bringing themselves into notice by the mightiness of their projects, and if not attaining a high degree of honour, at least gaining no small share of permanent notoriety. John Law, who flourished at the beginning of last century, was one of these extraordinary individuals.

Law, who was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, was distinguished in youth for his power of arithmetical calculation, but this might not have been of consequence in advancing his fortunes, but for an accidental circumstance. Having killed a person in a duel, he fled from Britain to France, a country much more congenial to his habits. He afterwards returned to his native country, but finding no opening for his schemes, he returned to Paris, which henceforth became the scene of his exploits. Law's genius took the direction of financiering. He had notions about national credit and paper money of the most extravagant kind. There was nothing in the way of national aggrandisement that a well-managed apparatus of paper issue could not accomplish. With these ideas in his head, he contrived, after a few years' delay, to gain the favour of the Duke of Orleans, at the time regent of France, and by that personage was permitted to set up a joint-stock bank in Paris, in May 1716. This concern was prosperous, and increased his credit as a projector. It soon appeared that the bank was but the first of a series of gigantic financial and commercial undertakings, such as had never before entered into the conception of any human being. Unquestionably, the consent of the regent to the progressive development of these plans was founded on the belief, instilled into his mind by Law, that the government of France might be freed through them of the enormous load of debt then pressing upon it, and which absorbed one half of the national revenues for the mere payment of interest.

Ample proof of the complete understanding between the regent and Law, is presented in the history of the great project which the latter set on foot, with the duke's approval, in the year following the commencement of the bank. He had long entertained the notion that a rich field for commercial enterprise was to be found in the yet uncolonised and but partially explored regions on the banks of the Mississippi, and particularly in the district of Louisiana, which, having been visited and so named by a French voyager, was held upon that footing to belong to France. An impression prevailed that this country was full of magnificent mines, and rich in all respects beyond description. Law accordingly persuaded the regent to establish a great company for the purpose of trading to this part of the world, and to give numerous privileges to the body, along with the sovereignty of Louisiana, under certain conditions preservative of the king's nominal superiority. This was the too famous Mississippi scheme. The funds of the West Indian Company, as it was called, were to consist of a capital of 100,000,000 livres, to be raised in shares of 500 livres each. And now the company repaid in part their obligations to the regent, by taking the subscriptions in government paper, or *billets d'état*, which, on account of the miserable way in which the interest was paid by the state, bore in the market at that time scarcely a fourth of their ostensible value. The consequence was, that the depreciated government paper rose to full credit with the people, who from that moment began to place implicit confidence in Law, and to thirst universally

for a share in his wonderful projects, and the profits which promised to follow from them. But before the eagerness for participating in his speculations rose to its full extent, he had incorporated with the Mississippi scheme others of even tenfold magnitude. He prevailed on the government to take his bank into its own hands, and became director-general of the establishment, under its new form of the Royal Bank. This appears to have been effected chiefly for the purpose of having the state's guarantee for an enormous issue of paper money, amounting to 1,000,000,000 of livres. In December 1718, and in May 1719, our projector got a further transfer of the charter and privileges, first of the Senegal Company, and then of the China and India Companies, out of which, in conjunction with the West Indian Company, a great "Company of the Indies" was formed, with the exclusive right of trading to the "four quarters of the world." Existing claims were of course paid by the new body. In the course of 1719, the public revenues, also, which were usually called *farms*, and had been long in the hands of contractors or farmers-general, were transferred to the management of the Company of the Indies. The Company, on their part, took upon themselves vast obligations, and one, among others, to lend the king or government the enormous sum of 15,000 millions of livres. Separate funds were raised in succession for all the company's purposes, in the shape of actions or shares, amounting to 600,000 in all, of which 200,000 were at the rate of 500 livres each; 50,000 at 550 livres; 50,000 at 1000 livres; and 300,000 at 5000 livres. To pay the interest of this enormous total, the company, it was said, had an annual income of above 80,000,000 of livres, and they at least boldly declared themselves able to pay an annual dividend of 200 livres a share.

This great company, supported by the whole credit of government, engrossing such immense sources of revenue, and possessed of such extensive property, became gradually the object of the most absorbing interest to all France. The ample profits which it seemed to promise, excited the cupidity of the people to an extraordinary extent, and a system of trafficking in shares commenced, which has no parallel in the annals of speculation or stock-jobbing. The rage for shares actually raised them to more than sixty times their original value, judging of that value by the former price of the *billets d'état*, or purchase money in the market. Almost all the original proprietors made splendid fortunes at the very outset, and the knowledge of this led to the wildest bidding on each new creation of shares. Clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen, princes, and even females of every class, were alike seized with the stock-jobbing phrensy. The negotiations for the sale and purchase of shares were at first carried on in the Rue Quinquempoix, which was besieged by such crowds, that houses, rented at 800 livres a-year, actually yielded from 6000 to 16,000 livres a-month. The eagerness of the speculators to commit bargains to writing, was such, that a hump-backed man made 150,000 livres in a few days, by letting out his hump as a writing-desk. A murder, which took place in the Rue Quinquempoix, caused the paper traffic to be transferred to the Place Vendôme. "The superb hotels of which that magnificent square (or rather octagon) consisted, not being calculated for the establishment of offices for transacting business, a number of tents were for that purpose pitched in the area. Of these, some served for the accommodation of the stock-jobbers, others were destined for places of refreshment, and a third set was occupied by gamblers playing at quadrille, and drawing lotteries of jewels. All the world flocked to this spot, ladies of the highest quality delighted to walk there of an evening, and the concourse was so great, that the famous fair of Beaucaire appeared a desert in comparison. The business was productive of so much noise and disturbance, that the Chancellor complained he was prevented from attending to the causes in the Chancery, which is situated in the Place Vendôme. Mr Law then agreed with the Prince of Carignan for the purchase of the Hotel de Soissons, at the enormous price, as is said, of 1,400,000 livres; and in the gardens belonging to that edifice, about 600 pavilions, each rated at 500 livres a-month, were disposed in regular order, beautifully interspersed with trees and fountains. To oblige the brokers to make use of them, an ordonnance was issued, prohibiting, under severe penalties, any bargain for stock to be concluded, except in one of these pavilions. Mr Law (continues his biographer) now blazed a meteor of unequalled splendour, having arrived at a pitch of power and consequence, that required a strength of intellect almost supernatural to be able to support it undazzled. He saw himself perpetually followed by, and his levees constantly crowded with, princes, dukes and peers, marshals and prelates, who all humbled themselves before his shrine with the utmost submission, while he treated them at times in a style of consummate haughtiness. The Baron de Pollnitz observes in his memoirs, that he has seen dukes and peers of France waiting in Mr Law's antechambers like the meanest subjects, and that at last there was no getting near him without seeing the Swiss porters for entrance at the gate, the lacqueys for admittance into the antechamber, and the valets for the privilege of access to his presence chamber or closet."

The influence and authority of Law were rendered still more extensive by his appointment, on the 5th of

January 1720, to the office of comptroller-general of the French finances, preparatorily to which he had formally adopted the Catholic faith. In plain language, he became prime minister of the country. By this time, his operations began to be a subject of alarm to the British government, who began to court his favour in various underhand ways. There is evidence that the Prince of Wales himself sent over a confidential person to secure for him a share in the profits of the great stock-jobbing affair. The British ministry are also said to have offered, in order to propitiate Law, to bring his wife's brother, commonly called the Earl of Banbury, into the House of Lords, from which a charge of illegitimacy, brought against his father the third earl, had hitherto excluded him. Lady Catherine Law shared largely in the adulation lavished on her husband during his hour of success, and is reported to have shown much insolence to ladies of rank, speaking usually of duchesses as "the most tiresome animals in the world." Her children, a son and a daughter, might have been married into the first families in Europe, and the father, in his adversity, assumed some merit to himself for not permitting this to take place. Miss Law's hand was sought by the Prince of Tarente, and other suitors of scarcely inferior rank.

All this splendour was doomed speedily to disappear. A constant drain of the specie of the kingdom had been going on since the commencement of the speculating mania. Those who had made large fortunes in paper secured themselves by converting their wealth into gold and silver, which they either hoarded up, or sent out of the kingdom. Many of the same parties, also, filled their houses with such prodigious quantities of plate, as must have tended materially to reduce the amount of the metallic currency. The fabrication of notes, meanwhile, was proceeding at an enormous rate, upwards of 2000 millions of livres being struck off between December 1719 and May 1720. Thus the stability of the system, and the prosperity, in truth, of the country, came to depend on the maintenance of the paper credit, which the comptroller-general endeavoured to secure by a succession of arbitrary edicts, one of which declared the bank notes to be legally current at five per cent. above the specie. But in spite of all his endeavours, he and his plans began to lose credit with the French regent, chiefly through the secret influence of persons envious of the successful adventurer. His proceedings were represented as particularly detrimental, on account of the disparity of value which they created between the paper and metallic currencies. By such representations, the regent was induced to take a step which at once and for ever ruined the paper credit, and brought the whole gigantic system to the ground, with a crash which may be said to have shaken all Europe. On the 21st of May 1720, an edict was issued, announcing that "a progressive reduction of the India Company's actions, and of bank notes, was to take place from that day till the 1st of December, when the bank notes should remain fixed at one-half of their present value, and the actions at four-ninths." This edict in an instant lifted the film from the eyes of all France. The hands of the people were filled with paper, the value of which they now saw could be utterly annihilated by a word from the mouth of authority. A run commenced upon the bank, which compelled the government to post soldiers around it to prevent the very edifice from being pulled down by the infuriated applicants. Seditious libels appeared every where, attacking the regent for overturning the credit to which he himself had given existence. Alarmed by these proceedings, he hastily summoned the parliament, and revoked the fatal decree six days after its promulgation. Nothing could restore the credit of the paper money with the public. The bank was shut for a time on various pretences, but, as soon as reopened, it was again besieged by such crowds of people, that in one day (the 9th of July) twenty persons perished in the streets by suffocation. The mob also surrounded the hotel of Law, and compelled the man whom they had lately idolised, and had saluted in the streets with the *vives* which are seldom given but to royalty, to hide himself for weeks in the houses of friends. On the mind of the projector the first symptoms of disorder are said to have produced a dreadful impression. Lord Stair describes him as being incapable of sleep, and as subject to such fits of phrensy as to be found sometimes dancing in his shirt around the chairs of his bed-room, "seemingly quite out of his wits." But he struggled hard, by tongue, pen, and act, to maintain his system, though all his efforts, as well as those of the regent, who deeply regretted the edict of the 21st of May, proved utterly fruitless. From the consequences of the delusion, France did not recover for many years. By the regent's dealings with Law, the national debt had been almost annihilated; but the creditors had been paid in paper, and when that became valueless, they were ruined by thousands. The delusion which caused this wide-spread misery presents, on the whole, a valuable lesson, being a striking example of a fallacious theory carried out to its fullest extent, and on the grandest possible scale.

Law resigned all his offices in December 1720, and retired to a country seat, which he quitted soon afterwards for Brussels, carrying with him only 800 louis d'ors, the wreck of his once magnificent fortune. This and other circumstances prove that there was a degree of disinterestedness in the views of this remarkable man, for which he has not usually received credit

from posterity. His latter days were spent in poverty, and he died at Venice in 1729, before he had completed his fifty-eighth year. Several descendants of the Law family are still living in France. One of the projector's grand-nephews arrived at high military and diplomatic distinction in the service of Napoleon and the Bourbons, and died a few years ago, a marshal and peer of France.

TASTE FOR MUSIC IN GERMANY.

There exist in Germany particular bodies of craftsmen, among the members of which music is cultivated with more than common zeal. Such is the case, for instance, in some china manufactories at Eichternach, at Metloch, on the banks of the Sarre. The miners are, in particular, distinguished by their knowledge of music. * * * What seems more surprising is, to find the art cultivated in localities entirely deprived of the means of instruction. They told us of a man who, without having ever had the least instruction in music, had learned it alone, and seemed to have fed his children with it, at an age when most children are fed on milk only. We had great desire to know him, and prolonged our journey in the Tyrol, as far as Berchtesgaden, in the neighbourhood of Salzburg.

* * * On our road to the dwelling which had been pointed out to us, we heard some Tyrolean songs, often accompanied on the *Zitter* (cittern?). At last we arrived at the cottage; it was shut up. We knocked in vain; no one answered us. The whole family, Grassl, his wife, and children, was out on the mountains, occupied in their daily work—that of finding aromatic herbs and wood. This man, who had no other means of subsistence than the sale of simples, procured with such hard labour by himself and family, had himself built, with the aid of his wife and children, the little cabin they inhabited: and at evening when they came home, bending under their burdens, they took a frugal meal, and then betook themselves to the study of music, by way of repose and diversion after the labours of the day. Grassl learned the gamut and the time-table, and fathomed the principles of art, without any other assistance than his own wonderful perseverance. Little by little he began to play on the violin, the bassoon, the clarinet, the flute, the octave flute, the trumpet, the keyed trumpet, the horn, and the trombone. Nor is that all: this naturalist in music has inoculated his children with all he knows. * * * The Queen of Bavaria, who possesses estates in this district, wished, like ourselves, to know this interesting family. She arrived, with her suite, about six o'clock in the evening. The little family had not returned from its rural labours—some were foddering the cows, some digging up potatoes. The queen had them collected, and when they arrived, without taking time to change their clothes or clean themselves, they ranged themselves round their table; and the poor children, with earth on their hands and sweat on their foreheads, began to perform the "Bavarian Troops' March," the "Salzburg Waltz," the "Chamois Hunter's Air," some on stringed, some on wind instruments, sometimes on brass instruments only. A little boy on a chair, only five years old, played the double bass. Grassl subsequently made the tour of the continent with his family.—*Notice of Muzer's Sketches of Music, in the Athenaeum.*

MILITARY PARADE AND COSTUME.

On this subject we find the following observations in Dr Channing's Lecture on War, recently published. "Men's sensibility to the evil of war has been very much blunted by the deceptive show, the costume, the splendour in which war is arrayed. Its horrors are hidden under its dazzling dress. To the multitude, the senses are more convincing reasoners than the conscience. In youth, the period which so often receives impressions for life, we cannot detect, in the heart-stirring fire and drum, the true music of war, the shriek of the newly wounded, or the faint moan of the dying. Arms glittering in the sunbeam do not remind us of bayonets dripping with blood. To one who reflects, there is something shocking in these decorations of war. If men must fight, let them wear the badges which become their craft. It would shock us to see a hangman dressed out in scarf and epaulette, and marching with merry music to the place of punishment. The soldier has a sadder work than the hangman. His office is not to dispatch occasionally a single criminal; he goes to the slaughter of thousands as free from crime as himself. The sword is worn as an ornament, and yet its use is to pierce the heart of a fellow creature. As well might the butcher parade before us his knife, or the executioner his axe or halber. Allow war to be necessary, still it is a horrible necessity, a work to fill a good man with anguish of spirit. Shall it be turned into an occasion of pomp and merriment? To dash out men's brains, to stab them to the heart, to cover the body with gashes, to lop off the limbs, to crush men under the hoof of the war-horse, to destroy husbands and fathers, to make widows and orphans, all this may be necessary, but to attire men for this work with fantastic trappings, to surround this fearful occupation with all the circumstances of gaiety and pomp, seems as barbarous as it would be to deck a gallows, or to make a stage for dancing beneath the scaffold. I conceive that the military dress was not open to as much reproach in former times as now. It was then less dazzling, and acted less on the imagination, because it formed less an exception to the habits of the times. The dress of Europe, not many centuries ago, was fashioned very much after what may be called the harlequin style—that is, it affected strong colours and strong contrasts. This taste belongs to rude ages, and has passed away very much with the progress of civilisation. The military dress alone has escaped the reform. The military man is the only harlequin left us from ancient times. It is time that his dazzling finery were gone, that it no longer corrupted the young, that it no longer threw a pernicious glare over his terrible vocation."

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